

Sketch

Volume 2, Number 3

1936

Article 5

Hospital Chains

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don't think of such things yet; the graduates of twenty years ago are too busy to bring this thing into tangible expression. It is your task to help us to keep alive those ideals for which you cherish your Alma Mater, and which you wish to preserve for your grandchildren."

THE meal was finished. With slow, deliberate steps of age the group left the dining room and the mystic incarnation of the spirit of Iowa State filed after them as the rattle of china again shattered the stillness of the dining room.

As I turned to my tables, a new weight settled on me. How about me? Fifty years hence? I shuddered, stiffened inwardly, and shouldered my tray again. Yes, I too, must carry on in that spirit!






Hospital Chains

By Cleone Brookins

THEY sounded like mad mobbers going by,
Their voices raised in loud and husky cheers.
I could not know, nor see the reason why
They shouted in such wild elated tones,
Or was it jeers?

I pressed the little button by my bed.
Yea, gnashed my teeth until the night nurse came.
"What's causing that fierce riot on the street?"
"For shame—you should have known," she said.
"We won the game."